

WILSON AWAITING VISIT OF MANAGERS TO PLAN CAMPAIGN

Democratic Nominee Expects
To Confer With Leaders
at Sea Girt To-Morrow.

SEA GIRT, N. J., July 8.—Gov. Wilson was about early to-day in anticipation of the long session of handshaking and congratulations the nominee must face with the arrival of delegates and friends from Baltimore. After a brief walk the Governor plunged into a casual reading of some 2,000 telegrams received during the night. They came from friend and foe, if there are any such left, and all without confidence and cheer. No candidate for the Presidency ever drew so unanimous assurances of support.

"I fear I cannot do justice to my well-wishers," said the Governor. "Please convey to all who sent congratulations my thanks."

The Governor has no programme for the day. He expects to meet William F. McCombs and his managers and with them he will discuss Norman E. Mack's declaration of the Chairmanship of the National Committee. The Governor has not expressed his preference for a national manager yet. He was immensely pleased with the nomination of Gov. Marshall as his running mate and early to-day sent to the Indiana executive this message:

"Sincere congratulations. I shall look with pleasure to my associations with you."

WOODROW WILSON.

Gov. Wilson was advised by telephone this afternoon that the Democratic National Committee would wait upon him tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. The message came from the sergeant-at-arms of the committee, who said the committee would leave Baltimore on a special train at 9:45 A. M.

MOVING PICTURES OF NOMINEE TAKEN ON LAWN.

So many persons crowded on the lawn yesterday that the grass suffered greatly and, to-day, the State authorities stretched ropes about the yard. Photographers are here by the score, and several moving picture concerns have been on hand, taking every conceivable phase of the activity hereabout. One set of moving pictures was taken last night while the Governor was moving about the lawn with the newspaper men before he retired.

New Jersey's Wilson delegates have an appointment with the Governor next Monday. The nominee does not expect the four Essex men, who stood against him, but guarantees them a cordial reception if they call. Dr. Wilson states he has not had sufficient time to comment on the Bryan platform, nor has he examined it thoroughly.

The chances are that the Governor's family will remain at the "Little White House" all summer.

"I have made no plans," said the nominee. "I will consult with my friends. I will be in the city to map out the future. I should say we will live here until frost, anyhow."

Gov. Wilson's term expires the third Monday in January, 1914. He has not decided to resign. He will not announce his retirement until he confers with the Wilson leaders of New Jersey. Until he relinquishes the Governorship, which his friends prefer, he will do when his active Presidential campaign opens. Dr. Wilson will attend to his duties at Trenton each Tuesday.

"Have you anything to say to those men who fought the Wilson fight?" he was asked.

"A great deal," he answered solemnly. "Too much to be spoken of now. There was never anything like it. I know now, more than ever, the value of friendship. For absolute devotion for what they wanted to accomplish they have no equal."

"THIRD PARTY? DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS," HE SAYS.

Despite a most cordial and satisfactory conversation with Bryan and a telegram of congratulation to his running mate, Gov. Marshall, the nominee has not communicated with any of the national leaders he expected to reply to many of the telegrams.

"Do you consider your nomination likely to kill the third party?" he was asked by a moving picture machine focused on the nominee's side of the lawn.

"Third party?" he responded blandly. "Really, I don't recall having heard much of it. What is it?"

It was suggested that the selection of Gov. Wilson and Gov. Marshall had raised another issue in the fall campaign—that of the loan men against the fat men.

The Governor laughed immediately, but seriously stated the issue was not his. He feared voters of avoidable complexity a majority. Later Gov. Wilson asked the correspondents to say in answer to his avalanche of telegrams:

"To all the thoughtful and generous friends who have sent me messages of congratulation I want to express my hearty thanks. I shall not be able to answer them individually, I am afraid, they are so delightfully numerous. I hope this inadequate acknowledgment will fall under their eyes. These messages of personal confidence help immeasurably to make public service seem worth while."

At noon dozens of automobiles drew up at Camp Wilson, many of the visitors coming from distant to see the nominee. The camp further assumed a military aspect when soldiers from the rifle range erected two great tents on the Governor's lawn, in which telephone and telegraph instruments were installed.

Already several dozen newspaper men are on the scene, two London newspapers being represented. A dozen photographers circled about the summer mansion, snapping the nominee and his family whenever they appeared. Gov. Wilson has made himself tremendously popular with the people who met him. He is never too busy to meet and talk to visitors. Mrs. Wilson and her daughters entertained numerous friends from Princeton and Trenton during the morning.

The personality of the Democratic nominee stands out in sharp relief above the rush of events. The solemn, dignified and unaffected manner in which he received the news of his nomination compelled even those who knew him

MEN WHO PLANNED BATTLE FOR WILSON AND WON THE BALTIMORE CONTEST

(Continued from First Page.)

begin to catch the McCombs blues. If these things could so easily be proved to the wise men and the older statesmen, why could not they be proved to the great mass of the people? The great mass of the people wanted a progressive candidate.

MC COMBS PICKS ABLE AIDS FOR WORK.

Here was a progressive candidate who could not be caught faking. The Wilson boom was on its way. Nothing that Col. Watterston or Col. Harvey or Senator James Smith of New Jersey could say had anything to do with the fact that the thousands and tens of hundreds of thousands, who had an idea, but no new man to vote it, were clamoring for Wilson.

Then came the convention. McCombs had never hosted a convention. But he is a scholar. He "bored it out," as he would have said when he was working as a student under Prof. Wilson of Princeton. He went out by the charm of his personality attracted good teachers into the Wilson circle. He got the clear-minded Senator O'Gorman. He got the brilliant Senator George of Oklahoma, who can see more with his blind eyes than many men can see with their eyes.

He got a quiet but quick moving man, a man with a mind which moves so fast that men with their backs turned toward him move about to face him before he reaches them, and look guilty and say they didn't mean to do what he thought at all. He got the quiet, unobtrusive Joe Davies, who never seems to be any

where except in the midst of a group where argument is getting so hot that it is apt to become a quarrel, and who always turns it from a quarrel into a handshake.

AND HE WAS AT HELM EVERY MINUTE.

The weary but hawk-eyed McCombs has been sitting on the platform of the Baltimore Convention for a week, watching the faces, sensing the feelings of the people in that great hall. What he has been doing when the convention was not in session, he alone knows, but an Evening World reporter who talked with him in his apartments on the seventeenth floor of the Hotel Emerson yesterday observed that he had telephone in every room of his suite, not one telephone to a table, but two and three on every available table. They told a silent tale in themselves.

In the convention he was a wonder. There was a tumult in the Oklahoma delegation. Instantly McCombs signalled to the young son of the blind Senator from Oklahoma, and father and son were hurrying out into the aisles to find out what was going on, and what it was to turn the advantage of it for Wilson.

Who loves Senator Gore. But the things which the Champ Clark fanatics of the Missouri delegation said when they saw Mr. McCombs make his painful way to the side of the Senator from Oklahoma, and give him battle direction in this or any other family newspaper. The blind man made trouble in Wilson's favor wherever he went.

A point of order seemed to be showing that the Clark influences were obtaining a temporary advantage over the fighters for Wilson. McCombs hurried over to Mr. Palmer and immediately that accomplished strategist would either demolish the argument or else support it in such a way that the sentimental advantage was left with the Wilson men.

These men were, all of them—Gore, Palmer, Burke, Davies, McCombs, Saulsbury, Hall, McAdoo—field marshals. But there were a hundred more, many of them young Princeton graduates, who served as messengers and jollies, as evangelists in the fight for political balance.

KNOWN JUST WHEN "DELUGE" WAS DUE.

But chief of them all was big Fred Lynch of Minnesota. Mr. Lynch had a light on as National Committee man this year. He is a highly powered political machine with a queer searchlight of idealism ahead of him all the time. Lynch discovered the la-

test to marvel anew at the force of character of the man. He was calm, dignified and gracious, but at all times he appeared to feel the burden of a new and great responsibility. To the unobserving it might seem like stolidity, but beneath the placid exterior was carefully repressed emotion. All the demonstration came from the Governor's neighbors and friends—father, mother and three daughters—betrayed the immense joy they must have experienced.

GOVERNOR CALMEST AS NEWS OF VICTORY COMES.

When the trying day's duties were over and the villagers and friends were gone, the Governor and Mrs. Wilson did not do the routine evening duties of hospitality. Knowing most of the army of newspaper workers had ground away at their tasks without dinner, Mrs. Wilson invited all of them to the dining room of the summer capital at 11 o'clock last night and poured coffee for them, while her three charming daughters passed sandwiches to the famished guests. The men hurried back to their work in the telegraph tent where, long after the last light had been put out in the "Little White House," the telegraph keys clicked away the story of the day's happenings.

From the hour of the convention meeting until the morning the bulletins in-

vented John A. Johnson of Minnesota, pushed a way for him through the crowd and gave him a chance to be Governor. He later made Johnson a candidate for the Presidential nomination at Denver, and then withdrew him before Johnson had accumulated the disfavor which hangs on any man in politics who does not know when it is time to quit. Lynch knows politics, he knows men, and he knows the signs of the times—the combination of standards, but there would be more very great statesmen in this country if there were men who knew all three at once.

This is the conversation between Mr. Lynch and Mr. Charles F. Murphy of Tammany Hall, just before the great Wilson landslide yesterday.

Mr. Lynch—Mr. Murphy, you better come with me. I'm telling you the truth for your own good.

Mr. Murphy—Even if you're right I couldn't. I'm all tied up.

Mr. Lynch—Get untied, quick! Here, I said it was a friendly act. We have got this touching one finger and mapping a statement of startling importance—and this touching another finger.

Mr. Murphy—Really?

Mr. Lynch—And this—and this (touching his finger). And, friend, I'm telling you this because I know that your name is my game, and you don't like Ryan and Belmont and the rest of the bunch that wished itself on you, and that Ryan is trying to make a deal on you, any better than I do. Come on in while the water is fine.

Meantime somebody who was talking the Virginia language, was working in the delegation of which T. F. Ryan himself is a member. And a few minutes later came the deluge.

Young Mr. McCombs, of the splendid presence, had worked his painful way down the steps and into the seething, angry crowd of delegates with two former football players making a channel for him, and was finishing off the touches. The pressure of his hand on the shoulder of the delegation leaders was like that of the evangelists in old-time camp meetings, who made men and women, in time of spirit moving, walk automatically to the mourners' bench and confess the sins of their lives.

The situation, the long wait, the anxiety lest the party break and go to pieces had set all nerves to jumping. His aides had made all the delegations ready to receive his message. In twenty minutes—knowing with Fred Lynch's keen observation and supervision of the work of the missionaries—he was able to persuade leader after leader to the promise, "If you will get everybody else to do it, why, then, we'll do it."

And in five minutes the withdrawing of candidates in favor of Wilson had begun and the convention was over and the confusion of the morning war.

The departure of the Champ Clark army under command of Gen. William J. Stone was less impressive than that of the Wilson forces. The duty of the Wilson forces was to keep tabs on all other delegates.

Meanwhile the field marshals promised themselves and each other all the Federal jobs they had been out of ever since they began quarrelling years and years ago. As to what they promised delegates from other States, in these days of heavy advertising there is no room to neglect a catalogue of the promises under Uncle Sam, which they promised to every delegate and alternates in sight.

The scouts worked out on the floor. Most of them worked under the eye of Mr. Stone. But lots of them, though weary with the short sleep they got in their barracks in the Clark "nest rooms" at the Emerson Hotel, worked for other members of the strangely assorted company.

All of them worked with an uneasy consciousness that they might at any time cross trails with the agents of William Randolph Hearst, who sat in the councils of the Marshalls, but did not co-operate with them conspicuously in the open, except in his newspapers.

The results of first convention skirmish were fine. Mr. Clark was ahead. Then each man got busy with his own separate Clark campaign, telling his brother campaigners no more than he thought it was good for himself for the other man to know. Mr. Clark's vote went up like a rocket and came down like a stick.

And so far at odds and in ignorance were his managers at the end that within ten minutes before the great Wilson massacre by common consent began Senator Reed, in the presence of the writer, asked a promise of support, asked a promise to make good his promise to bring the Michigan delegates back into the Clark corral on the next ballot.

Ten years ago William J. Stone beat Champ Clark for a Senatorial seat by calling attention to the fact that Mr. Clark was a nominee for Senator and did not like the idea of his working for both at once; they thought he wasn't sporty.

Now to these add Joe Shannon, of Kansas City, who missed national fame because he did not elect to keep himself busy in the east side of New York City. Mr. Shannon has a political organization in Kansas City known popularly as "The Rabbits." The difference between Shannon's rabbits and the many other rabbits is that if the Shannon rabbit breed saw a politician taking home a cabbage for dinner they would chase him into a corner, bite him to death, chew up his skin and billy and eat the cabbage, and leave squalling joyously.

PROMISED THEMSELVES ALL GOOD JOBS.

With this great and harmonious body of the Houn' dawg warriors was a flying battalion of one hundred scouts from St. Louis with an auxiliary board of one hundred and fifty from other parts of Missouri. The duty of these auxiliaries was to keep tabs on all other delegates.

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WILLIAM F. MC COMBS



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CANDIDATES HOP UP FOR WILSON'S PLACE OF JERSEY GOVERNOR

His Resignation Now Would
Make Election of a Successor
Necessary This Fall.

If Woodrow Wilson should resign as Governor to make his campaign for the Presidency New Jersey would lose a Republican Executive.

John D. Prince, President of the State Senate, would be Governor. Dr. Prince is a university man, being an instructor at Columbia.

He has been acting as Governor for a great part of the present year, as during Gov. Wilson's campaign trips President Prince automatically became Governor and had to draw the salary, although he indorsed it over to Dr. Wilson at once.

Mr. Wilson laid aside the presidency of Princeton to make the run for Governor. By resigning now or during the summer he would make it possible to elect a new Governor, to serve for a year, at the election this fall.

Among the Democrats who have ambitions are Frank Katzenbach of Trenton, who made the race once, Robert S. Hudspeth of Hudson, Mayor Otto Witten of Jersey City and Judge John W. Westcott of Camden, who made the speech nominating Wilson at Baltimore. They are all more or less identified with the Wilson faction, and would be satisfactory to him.

The wing of the party which has been hostile to the Governor almost from his election may make a fight to get the nomination.

The Roosevelt Republicans now dominant in that party have many candidates—John Franklin Fort, once Governor; Evers McGee, the original progressive; Borien D. Whiting, former Sheriff of Somerset, George L. Record and a score of others. The Taft element has many brilliant men also, including the late Governor Gov. Stokes, an ex-Roosevelt man; former Gov. Murphy and a score of others. Vivian Lewis, who made the run against Wilson two years ago, is thought to be out of it as Gov. Wilson made him a Vice-Chancellor.

BIRD CAUSES AUTO MISHAP.

Files Into Face of Woman, Who Drops Wheel and Is Thrown Out.

GREENWICH, Conn., July 8.—Mrs. Nelson Macy of New York, a summer resident here, came near being killed this morning owing to a bird's flying between the glass wind shield and her face as she was driving her automobile on Lake avenue, in front of William G. Rockefeller's mansion. The bird caused her to drop her hold of the steering wheel and the car ran into a tree, throwing her out. She was taken into the Rockefeller house and Dr. Parker cared for her, sewing up her over lip, which was cut in two. She received other injuries. The bird fell dead in the car.

Must Take Off Porch.

Plans were filed with Building Superintendent Miller for the removal of the massive porch at the Broadway entrance to the New York Life Insurance Company Building on the east side of Broadway between Leonard street and Catherine lane and making a new entrance from the building line at a cost of \$20,000. This alteration is in compliance with a recent order of the city for removing all obstructions beyond the building line.

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MASSOPUST NOT ENEMY OF JERSEY GOVERNOR.

Perth Amboy Leader Disclaims Report That He Sought to Discredit Wilson.

Joseph Massopust of Perth Amboy has called a gathering of the Evening World to an error, which, through misinterpretation, appeared in its columns on June 26. In a report from Perth Amboy upon the constant succession of strikes and labor disorders in the manufacturing districts, the Evening World implied local report to the effect that Massopust, said to be an enemy of Gov. Wilson and a power in the Humantian colony, had been among those most urgent in the demand for the calling out of the troops by Gov. Wilson; the inference was that by forcing the Governor so to act his enemies would place him in a bad light in the labor world.

The Evening World is in receipt of a letter from Massopust wherein he disclaims the report that he is an enemy of Gov. Wilson, declares that he is a warm friend of the Governor and of the city officials of Perth Amboy, and was in no way responsible for the stirring up of labor strife in Perth Amboy.

The Evening World is pleased to give publicity to this disclaimer.

GIRL CHARGED WITH THEFT TRIES TO KILL HERSELF.

Beats Head Against Cell and Has to Be Put in Strait-jacket.

Beating her head against the wall of her cell in the Herbert street station, Brooklyn, pretty seventeen-year-old Sadie Richardson of No. 383 Willoughby avenue, Brooklyn, accused of robbing her landlady, to-day was put in a straitjacket and removed to St. Catherine's Hospital for observation.

Yesterday afternoon the girl approached Mrs. Anthony Yacenda of No. 129 North Sixth street, wife of an expressman. The weeping girl told her she had been treated unkindly in her

home, following her inability to secure employment.

"You must go home with me, little girl," said Mrs. Yacenda. "I will take care of you until we see what can be done."

The girl was fed and allowed the freedom of the house. At night she said she wished to return home and get some of her clothing. Then her landlady discovered that a gold watch and \$40 were missing. Detective Kennedy located the girl and brought her to the station, where she was charged with larceny. All night she cried in her cell and to-day became violent.

Like B. Wright Jr. Dies Suddenly.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 3.—Like B. Wright Jr., son of the former Secretary of War and Governor-General of the Philippines, died suddenly of heart disease last night at his farm at Beekman, Dutchess County. He was thirty-five years old and leaves a widow.

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The Meister has got to make good in your home before you decide to buy it. Away from the influences of salesmen, away from all argument, away from our store—the Meister has got to stand on its own bottom and win you over. Without its beautifully rich tone, it would be a flat failure. Without its perfect workmanship, inside and outside, it would make a mighty poor showing in your home. Then you'd send it back and so would the thousands of others who take the Meister on trial every year. The Meister has got to be so good that you won't send it back. If we didn't know it was that good we'd never spend money advertising a thirty day free trial.

We make eight different styles of piano, but the biggest seller is the one we offer at \$175. You mustn't let the low price prejudice you against it. You mustn't judge Meister prices by any prices you've seen elsewhere. We make the Meister ourselves, sell it direct to you and give you a revolutionary value. Why don't you order a Meister on 30 days' free trial right now!

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